SOME TROUBLES OF THE OFFICIAL POLICE PHOTOGRAPHER

Now and Then His "Patrons" Refuse to Be Good, and It Is Necessary for Detectives to Sieze Them by the Hair and Throat and Hold Them Down—But Even Such Pleasant Treatment Frequently Fails to Make Them "Look Pleasant" While the Camera Is Pointed at Them.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

George Baker, official photographer for the St. Louis Police Department, has been taking pictures of criminals for five years.

As a rule his "patrons" are as "willing" as are those who look smilingly into the cameras of Mr. Rosch, Mr. Strauss and the other big studio operators of the city, but sometimes they "kick," and photographing under such circumstances is not very pleasant.

When the order is given, though, the pictures must be taken, and no amount of objection on the part of the criminal avails. If the "patient" can't be persuaded to "look pleasant," he is made to look as pleasant as he will, and in any event the picture is taken.

If a man refuses to sit for his picture—it sometimes happens that the prisoner is a woman—he is shoved into a chair and held until the camera is focused properly and the shutter is "snapped." Usually one detective is enough to suppress a belligerent prisoner, but two, three and four are sometimes called into service. When a prisoner first shows signs of "bullishness," as the officers call it, a detective stands behind the chair where he is sitting and grasps him, one hand in his hair and one at his throat. A few tugs at the hair will tame most of them who want to avoid the picture-taking process, but if the man is bald-headed then the choking ordeal must generally be made to do. A few gouges at the throat are very persuasive.

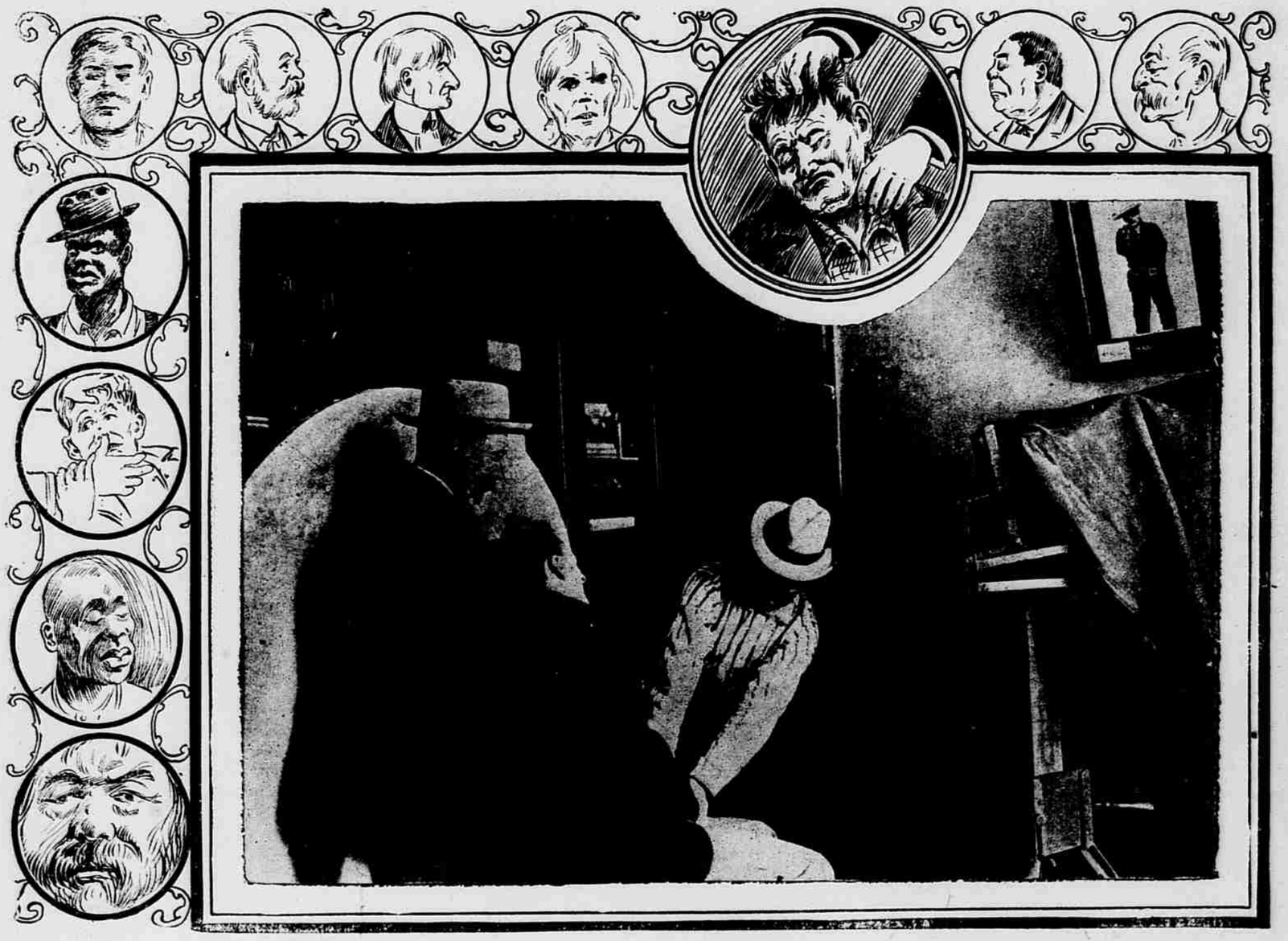
The picture herewith presented shows Baker taking the photograph of "Jimmie" Morgan, a race-track tout and pickpocket. Jimmie did not relish the idea of breaking into the rogue's gallery, and so he kicked. It required two men to hold him. Detective Harry Frese is standing behind the prisoner, holding his head, and John Shea of the Bertillon Bureau is holding his hands. Morgan screwed up his face, opened his mouth and shut his eyes, but still there is enough resemblance for one to identify him. A face is a face, and the bureau officers learn to take the best they can get.

Once in a great while it happens that they have to strap a prisoner to the chair, but that is seldom necessary. One unacquainted with police business would be surprised, in looking over the local gallery, to see how few persons resisted. Chief of Detectives Desmond has 2,659 pictures in the gallery. There are about 100 more finished, ready to be placed in the gallery. From 450 to 700 pictures are taken every year.

After the picture is taken Doctor Johns, superintendent of the Bertillon Bureau, takes the measure of the prisoners. The system is so intricate that no man who has ever been measured can escape identification. The photographs are principally for the use of officers in recognizing suspicious characters, and for examination by persons who have been robbed, and who, in looking over them, may see a picture of the person who robbed them. But the real means of identification, the positive one, is through the Bertillon measurements. One could be deceived in a picture, but never in a Bertillon measurement. If a man turns up under a different name, having grown a mustache, a full beard and long hair, when he formerly wore it cropped short, a simple reference to his measurements will remove all doubt.

The height of the man, his breadth, the length of the outer arm, the length and breadth of the head, the length of the ear, the length of the cheek bones, the length of the foot and of each finger on one hand are all recorded, together with the color of the eyes and the position and nature of every scar or mark on the body. A person can dye his hair, but the color of his eyes remains the same. He can grow thin or heavy, but the length of his bones are the same; and he cannot change his scars any more than a leopard can change his spots.

Two men may have partially the same measurements, but no instance is recorded where they agreed in all. It is regarded as impossible to escape a Bertillon identification.



ONE WAY OF MAKING A MAN "LOOK PLEASANT" BEFORE THE OFFICIAL CAMERA OF THE POLICE DEPARTMENT.

IS CHRIST'S TOMB IN A MOSQUE?

Sar Peladan Informs the Pope That the Holy Sepulchre Is Not Where It Has Been Supposed to Be.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

Sar Peladan, one of the best-known occultists in Europe, has written to the Pope informing him that, after several months' investigation in Palestine, he is satisfied that Christ's tomb is not in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, but on Mount Moriah, beneath the cupola of the Mosque of Omar.

Here are his reasons for making this strange statement:

In the Sixth Century Antoninus, the martyr, calculated that the distance between the tomb and the place of crucifixion was 400 feet and that both these places were near the Fountain or Pool of Siloam. The distance, however, from the present tomb to the place of crucifixion is only eighty feet, and, furthermore, Siloam is not near either of the places, but is actually at the foot of Mount Moriah.

In the Seventh Century the monk Arculphus described the tomb as a rock-hewn cavern in which nine persons could find room, and he also described the building with two rows of columns which, by Constantine's orders, was erected above this cavern. The present tomb, however, is not a rock-hewn cavern, but a building in which not more than four persons can find room, and, moreover, the circular Church of the Holy Sepulchre has only one row of pillars.

On the other hand, the descriptions given by Arculphus apply in all particulars to the Mosque of Omar and to the cavern hollowed out beneath the rock El Sakhra.

No portion of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, says Sar Peladan, was in existence before the Eleventh Century, and, therefore, it cannot be the building erected by Constantine, whereas the Mosque of Omar, in spite of its Arabian decorations, is clearly a Byzantine edifice of the Fourth Century.

Among the mosaics which adorn the cupola of this mosque are also the two symbols of the Eucharist, corn and grapes, and these symbols, it is claimed, prove that the building was originally destined for Christian purposes. Moreover, the inscription, "God has no son," which was added at a later date, and which is not to be found anywhere else, proves that the Mussulmans desired to deny the divinity of Christ in the very place where it had formerly been adored.

According to Sar Peladan, the mistake in regard to the true location of Christ's tomb, which dates back for several centuries, may be easily accounted for. The Christians, he says, after being driven from Mount Moriah in 969 by the Fatimites, who had by that time transformed Constantine's building into a mosque, were authorized to build in the quarter reserved to them a new church in honor of Christ, and this is the church which the crusaders supposed to be the true location of the holy sepulchre.

YACHTING FACTS FOR THE LANDLUBBER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

Here is a picture which you ought to cut out and paste in your hat in case you wish to understand the coming yacht races and are not quite sure in your own mind as to the meaning of nautical terms. It shows at a glance every position that a yacht can sail in.

It will be seen that there is only one direction in which a yacht cannot sail, and that is against the wind. The manner in which yachts go to windward is by "tacking," and in going from one point to another in this way they cover more than twice the actual distance required. Thus in a dead beat to a windward mark ten miles away a yacht sails about twenty miles.

One-quarter of the circle shows the place where no yacht can sail without tacking. On any other point within the circle the yacht can sail indefinitely without tacking.

When a yacht is sailing as near the wind as she will go she is said to be "close hauled." She is then sailing at an angle of about forty-five degrees from the direction of the wind.

When a yacht is said to be on a port tack she is leaning over to starboard, and a yacht on a starboard tack always leans to port.

When a yacht is close hauled her boom is drawn in as close as it will go. When she is making a broad reach with the wind on the beam the boom is eased off until it is at an angle of about forty-five degrees from the line of the keel.

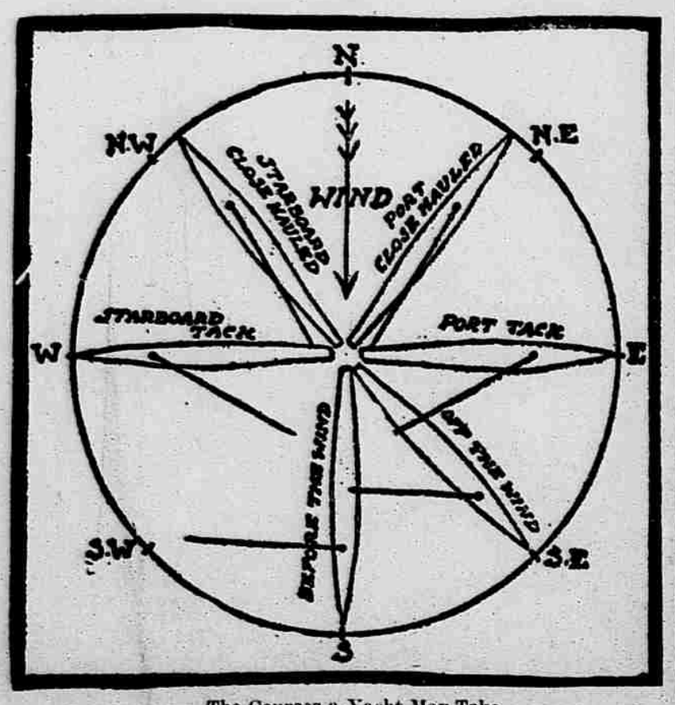
When she is running before the wind the boom is at right angles to the direction of the wind and to the line of the keel. This little diagram will enable anybody to understand the exact position of the yachts with relation to the wind during the coming races, giving also the position of the boom at the time.

WHAT A MAN SHOULD LIFT.

An ordinarily healthy man of 30 years old should be able to lift with both hands 236 pounds and support on his shoulders 330 pounds.

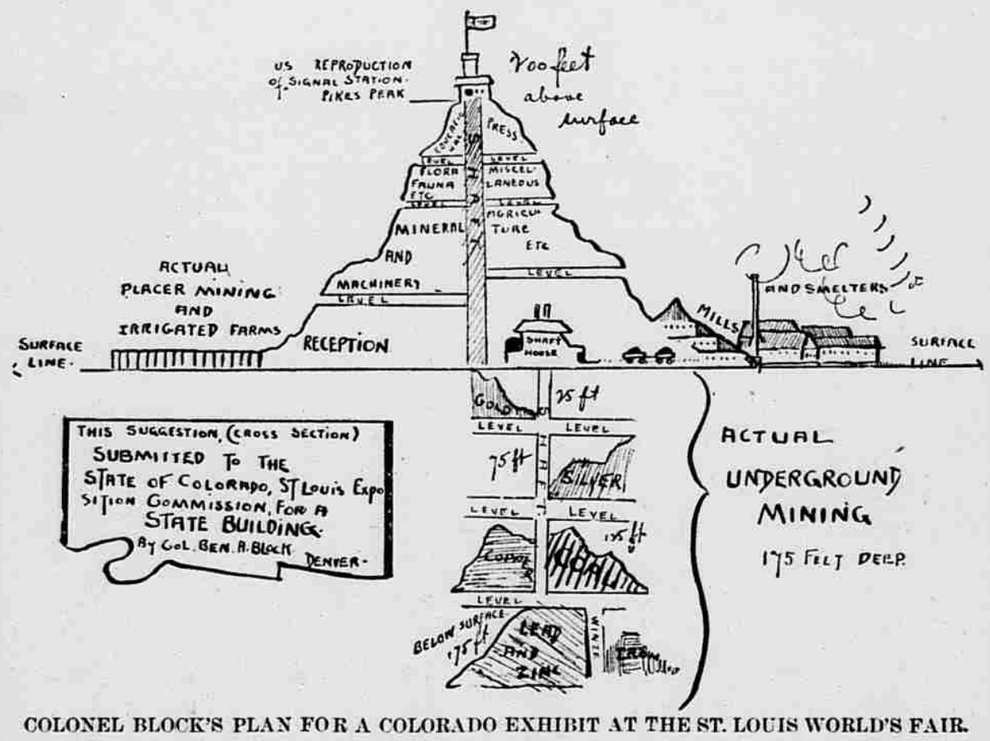
BERLIN'S TAXPAYERS.

Five hundred and thirty thousand persons pay taxes in Berlin. Of these only twelve have incomes of over £50,000.



The Courses a Yacht May Take.

UNIQUE PLAN FOR A COLORADO STATE BUILDING AT ST. LOUIS WORLD'S FAIR.



COLONEL BLOCK'S PLAN FOR A COLORADO EXHIBIT AT THE ST. LOUIS WORLD'S FAIR.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

A wholly unique design for a State building has been submitted to the Colorado State Commissioners for the St. Louis World's Fair by Colonel Ben Block, one of the State's Commissioners to the Pan-American Exposition.

Colonel Block proposes that Colorado's State building be erected to represent Pike's Peak, the height to be about 200 feet. The framework is to be covered with soil and rocks to be brought from Colorado, and the topography of the mimic mountain is to closely follow that of the original.

Inside the mountain is to be divided into rooms, in which may be displayed the products of the State.

But the wholly novel part of Colonel Block's plan is this: Running from top to 175 feet below the base of the mountain is to be a perpendicular shaft, made to represent a Colorado mine. There are to be canons in this mountain, and through them will rush streams of water, which, being halted at the base, are to be diverted into irrigation ditches to fertilize a miniature Colorado farm nestling, along with a smelter and other typical Colorado manufactories, at the base of the mountain.

Colonel Block estimates the total cost of such a building at $150,000, and suggests that if Colorado does not care to undertake its construction alone it be joined by other mining States in the project.

WHEN POLITICAL OPINIONS WERE CAREFULLY GUARDED.

Special Correspondence of The Sunday Republic.

Macon, Mo., Sept. 11.—"Directly after the battle of Wilson's Creek I was summoned to Springfield to take care of a wounded brother-in-law who was in the Federal hospital there," said Major H. S. Glaze of the Ninth Missouri Cavalry recently in a conversation reminiscent of the Civil War. "I left Brunswick, Chariton County, and traveled overland in a sort of a sulky. A short distance the other side of Sedalia I was overtaken by a horseman, and he jogged along by my side, but never stated where he was going. In those days people were very careful about expressing their political opinions to strangers, for fear of arousing hidden antagonism. My companion was a well-dressed and very intelligent man, and as he kept along with me without showing any signs of parting company, I became intensely curious to know something about him and where he was going. So I said:

"'I wonder if the roads hre of this sort all the way?'

"'Guess they are; far as I'm going, anyhow.'

"'How far are you going?'

"'The other side of the Widow Higgins's a ways.'

"That was poor comfort. I didn't like to confess my ignorance as to the location of the Widow Higgins's domicile, so I kept silent. When night came on we went to a farmhouse and slept together. We noticed that several colored men were kept at work around the barn long after dark. Before we retired he came at me like this:

"'Pity how the farmers work their niggers way in the night, ain't it?'

"I knew that was a feeler for my political views, and so I simply answered that it was. I thought, however, the question developed a leaning toward the Northern cause, so I let drive this:

"'Guess old Uncle Abe'll free 'em soon.'

"He said he thought so, too. We traveled several days this way, and became fast friends. When one expressed anything touching politics the other would agree with great cheerfulness. I complimented the valor of the Southern forces, and he seconded all I said, and then praised the Northern soldiers. We both talked of joining the army, but neither said which army. At one house we passed a little girl ran out and hallooed for 'Jeff' Davis. My companion raised his hat and smiled pleasantly, and I thought then I knew on which side he stood; but a little further down the road some boys on a load of hay yelled for Abraham Lincoln, and my fellow-traveler took off his headpiece and bowed just as pleasantly as he had for the salutation to the Confederate President. I was beginning to get anxious, and wondered if my friend was on some secret mission. At last we got within ten miles of Springfield, and he turned to me and said:

"'My friend, you and I have been lying to each other for the past three days, and now it's about time for us to 'fess up. I don't know what you are or where you are going, but I've a brother who was badly wounded at Wilson's Creek. Now, you be as honest with me, and we'll be friends, no matter what happens,' and he extended his hand, which I warmly grasped. I told him I had a relative in the Federal hospital, and was bound on an errand nearly identical with his own.

"We became great chums from that time on, and one day, when he had to go away, he sent for me and asked me to watch over his sick brother, a request I promptly complied with. The sick soldier was Major H. R. Dysart, and he never forgot the Yankee who waited on him that hot day in 1861."

THE PROPER WAY IN WHICH TO OPEN A NEW BOOK.

Hold the book with its back on a smooth or covered table; let the front board down, then the other, holding the leaves in one hand while you open a few leaves at the back, then a few at the front, and so on, alternately opening back and front, gently pressing open the sections till you reach the center of the volume. Do this two or three times and you will obtain the best results. Open the volume violently or carelessly in any one place, and you will likely break the back and cause a start in the leaves. Never force the back of the book.

"A connoisseur many years ago, an excellent customer of mine, who thought he knew perfectly how to handle books, came into my office when I had an expensive binding just brought from the bindery, ready to be sent home," says a well-known book dealer. "He, before my eyes, took hold of the volume and, tightly holding the leaves in each hand, instead of allowing them free play, violently opened it in the center and exclaimed: 'How beautifully your bindings open!' I almost fainted. He had broken the back of the volume, and it had to be rebound."—Modern Bookbinding.

NEW THINGS ABOUT PLANTS REVEALED BY EXPERIMENTS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

Some interesting experiments with plants have been made at the Museum of Natural History, in Paris, by M. Deherain and M. Demoussy, two well-known scientists.

For a long time it was supposed that a seed contained in its cotyledons all the essentials necessary to its development, and that, therefore, it would surely develop normally if the surroundings in which it was placed were adapted for that purpose.

This rule, however, does not always hold good, and some years ago the discovery was made that, if seeds of wheat or white lupin which had begun to form roots were placed in funnels containing distilled water development was arrested at once, while if the funnels were filled with slightly calcareous water the roots continued to grow in normal fashion.

Naturalists were much impressed by this discovery, and Boehm, an Austrian scientist, concluded from it that lime was a potent factor toward the successful germination of plants.

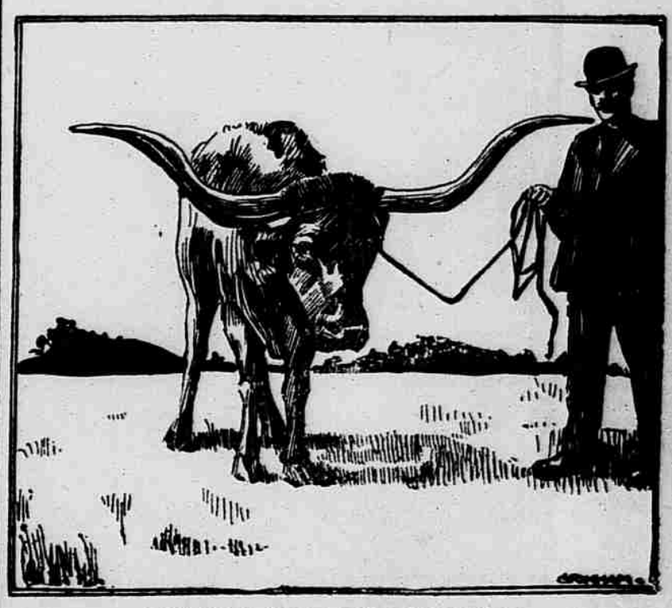
Thinking that there was not quite enough foundation for such a statement, M. Deherain and M. Demoussy began a series of experiments with a continuous apparatus. They used the customary reagents, and at first failed to find any noxious properties in the distilled water. M. Demoussy thereupon distilled the water a second time in a glass retort, or, rather, he collected two-thirds of the condensed liquid and preserved the remaining third without redistilling it. He then filled tubes with this water and placed white lupins in them.

The result was that roots developed normally in the tubes containing the two-thirds of the re-distilled water, and that there was an entire arrest of development in the tube containing the water which had not been distilled a second time. In spite of the fact that the reagents had failed to indicate the presence of any of those metals which are known to injure plants, M. Demoussy became convinced that the distilled water contained some noxious property, which had been eradicated by the second distillation.

In order to ascertain what this injurious property might be he placed some silver, tin and copper in leaden vessels, which he filled with double distilled water, and in a few days later he poured the water from the different vessels into tubes containing lupins. As a result, he found that the plants developed normally in those tubes containing the water that had been in contact with silver, lead and tin, but that there was absolutely no development in the tubes containing the water which had been in contact with copper.

Naturalists in Europe have taken much interest in these experiments.

GOVERNMENT TAKES A PHOTOGRAPH OF LAST TEXAS LONG-HORN STEER.



GERONIMO, THE LAST OF HIS RACE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

One of the most noted and valuable long-horned cattle in the world is the famous Texas steer Geronimo, named after the celebrated Indian chief. He is as fierce and dangerous as was his namesake. He is said to be 36 years old, and his great horns measure nine feet six inches from tip to tip, three to four feet being the length of the average horned steer.

Geronimo is almost the last of the type of long-horned Texas cattle in this country. This breed, which has until quite recent years figured in the development of the great Southwest, is fast becoming extinct. The Texas steer and the cowboy will soon be known in story only—they are both "passing." The cattle are vanishing before the onward movement of the blooded stock from the North and East.

The Bureau of Animal Industry, wishing to preserve a pictorial record of the last survivor of so famous an American breed and type, had Geronimo photographed recently and secured the accompanying picture. The horns, which are the most distinctive feature of this breed, are brought out very prominently and are the record ones for length.

Geronimo has taken many State and national prizes at the various live-stock shows. It is understood that at his death the Bureau of Animal Industry will secure the body and have it mounted in the National Museum at Washington.